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EARLY ENGLISH CHILDRENS BOOKS
MAY & GEORGE SHIERS SANTA BARBARA
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G S

MAY DAY;

OR,

ANECDOTES

OF

Miss LYDIA LIVELY.

MAY DAY;

OR,

ANECDOTES

OF

Miss LYDIA LIVELY.

INTENDED TO

IMPROVE AND AMUSE

THE

RISING GENERATION.

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Printed by and for JOHN MARSHALL and Co. No. 17, QUEEN STREET, CHEAPSIDE; and No. 4, ALDERMARY CHURCH-YARD.

1789.

MAY DAY, &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE STORY.

MISS *Lydia Lively* was ſitting one day in the parlour, upon a little ſtool, reading the *Hiſtory of Little Ann and Little James*, when her Mamma, who had been out ſome hours on a viſit, came in. The little girl ran to her with great joy, and told her, that her aunt had called, and had given her the prettieſt little book ſhe ever read.

LYDIA.

It is about a little girl, Mamma, juſt my age; and it tells you every thing that ſhe did; and how well ſhe behaved; and there are ſome nice pictures in it—I wiſh I had a great many ſuch little books.

MAMMA.

Then you like to read ſtories about good girls, do you, *Lydia?*

LYDIA.

Yes, I do; do not you, Mamma?

MAMMA.

Yes; and to ſee them too. I think there is nothing ſo delightful as the company of children who are gentle and good-humoured; and who are cheerful and ready to oblige, without being troubleſome or noiſy.

LYDIA.

I wiſh I had ſome more ſtories about good girls and boys.

MAMMA.

Should you like to have a ſtory written about you, *Lydia?* Do you think it would be a pretty one?

LYDIA.

I am afraid I am not good enough, Mamma.

MAMMA.

Indeed I doubt there would be ſome things

things in the ſtory not quite ſo pretty. I ſuſpect we ſhould ſometimes hear ſomething about whining for a cup of tea; aſking ten times for the ſame thing; or, what is ſtill worſe, being croſs and impatient with poor little *Edwin*, if he meddle with any of your things.

LYDIA.

Oh! Mamma: but I am good ſometimes; and I am ſure I always wiſh to be good, and am uncomfortable whenever I am not; but I do not know how it is,—I think I cannot help being naughty ſometimes.

MAMMA.

Pray do not fancy ſo my dear; you certainly might help it; but I will tell you the real caſe—you juſt follow your preſent inclination; inſtead of reſolving always to do what is right, you ſit down, perhaps, with an inclination to be very good at your leſſons, and to read very well, and tranſlate your French very well; as long as that inclination laſts you proceed with

pleaſure; but you happen to meet with ſomething in your books not quite ſo entertaining as you expected, or a little difficult, and then you have an inclination to fret, or to look off your book, and complain of being tired; or, it may be, you come into the room very good-humoured and cheerful, and find ſomebody has taken your ſeat, or that you cannot have the book you wiſhed for, and then you have an inclination directly to whine, grumble, and draw your lip on one ſide; and, I am ſorry to ſay, *Lydia*, you are too apt to give way to ſuch inclinations.

LYDIA.

What muſt I do then, Mamma?

MAMMA.

I will tell you, my dear, you muſt, in the firſt place, very heartily wiſh to be good; and that I hope you do. In the next place, you muſt, when you ſay your prayers, very earneſtly beg of GOD to make you good; and then, inſtead of doing juſt what you have a mind to do, you muſt reſolve

reſolve with yourſelf, and try upon all occaſions, not to do any thing you know is wrong, and which I have told you not to do.

LYDIA.

Do you think, if I were to try then, I could always be good, Madam?

MAMMA.

Certainly! if you tried you might avoid doing a great many wrong things. Suppoſe now, when you ſat down to breakfaſt, and felt impatient for your tea or your roll,—do you think, if you conſidered a minute, that it is greedy and impatient to ſay any thing about it, that you could not help aſking for your tea before any body was helped, or whining if the rolls did not come in directly; and that you could not try to amuſe yourſelf by thinking of ſomething elſe for a little while?

LYDIA.

Yes; I think I could.

MAMMA.

To be ſure you could, my dear; and ſo

in every other inſtance. If you do not feel diſpoſed to get your leſſons, and do your work at the proper times; yet if you did but reflect how fit it is that you ſhould learn and improve yourſelf, and what a fault idleneſs is, you may help fretting and ſaying, I do not like to do this; and you may reſolve to keep on and do as well as you can, without making any complaints.

LYDIA.

I am not very often naughty about reading, Mamma?

MAMMA.

Not very often; but that is becauſe you love reading; now I want you to do every thing, becauſe you think is is right and fit you ſhould do it; and then you will do thoſe duties you do not find any great pleaſure in, as well as thoſe you delight in. And above all things, I wiſh you to watch conſtantly over your temper, to be ever ready to oblige, and do all innocent things,

things, becauſe you are deſired; and keep yourſelf always in a good-humour.

LYDIA.

But ſometimes things happen to teaſe me, and make me fret.

MAMMA.

Then is the time to try to get the better of yourſelf; things may not always go as you like; but nothing can make you fret unleſs you will: for example, if little *Edwin* come in and catch up your book, or your doll, we ſuppoſe you had rather he let them alone, but you need not make a great noiſe, and whine, and call him a naughty boy, and run and ſnatch them roughly from him; you may ſpeak in a good-humoured tone of voice, and ſay, Pray, *Edwin*, give me my book, or any thing elſe he has; and if he did not attend to that, as he is but a little boy, you could wait quietly a little while, till he laid it down, though you might know you would have liked better to have it then; and that would not be half ſo uncomfortable

comfortable to you as putting yourſelf in a paſſion, worrying your ſpirits, and making yourſelf diſagreeable to every body in the room; do you think it would?

LYDIA.

No; I do not know that it would; for I am never happy when I fret and ſcold, nor when I have vexed you. I will try, Mamma, if you will love me dearly.

Little *Lydia*, as ſhe ſpoke theſe laſt words, threw her arms round her Mamma's neck; her Mamma gave her a very affectionate kiſs, and then ſaid, That I will, my love; and as a mean to aſſiſt you in your endeavours, I will, every evening, after you are gone to-bed, write a ſtory about you, to tell how you have behaved all day; and the next morning, when we all meet in the parlour, I ſhall read it aloud; and I think you will be much better pleaſed with the ſtory when you have been a good girl than when you have been naughty.

LYDIA.

Oh! dear, Mamma! when I have been naughty I ſhall not like at all to have the ſtory read before every body.

MAMMA.

Then you muſt take a great deal of care how you behave; you muſt recollect yourſelf to-morrow morning when you riſe; in the evening I ſhall begin my ſtory.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE SUCCESSFUL ENDEAVOUR.

THE next morning, Miſs *Lydia*, as ſoon as ſhe waked, recollected the converſation that had paſſed the day before between her Mamma and her, and determined to be very good all day; accordingly ſhe jumped out of bed as ſoon as the maid called her, ſtood very ſtill to be dreſſed; and when ſhe was dreſſed, ſaid, Thank you,

Mary

Mary, in a very pretty tone of voice, and then kneeled down and ſaid her prayers in a very decent compoſed manner; and prayed very heartily that ſhe might be good all day. When ſhe met her papa and mamma, and brothers and ſiſters in the parlour, after ſhe had bidden them all good morning, ſhe ſat herſelf down very quietly at the bottom of the table, and did not aſk for any thing, nor reach acroſs the table to pull the bread and butter about, but ſat ſtill and looked very good-humoured, till her Mamma gave her a piece of bread with ſome very nice honey upon it, and a cup of tea, and then ſhe ate her breakfaſt very genteely.

After breakfaſt, Miſs *Lydia* went into her Mamma's dreſſing-room, unlocked a little red trunk, which her Mamma had given her a few days before, to keep her work and her books in, and took out the book ſhe read in to her Mamma, which at that time was, *The Footſtep to Mrs. Trimmer's Sacred Hiſtory*; and ſitting down on a

little

little ſtool at a diſtance from the fire, began to read very ſlowly, and in a very eaſy natural tone of voice; ſhe minded her ſtops, and paid great attention to the ſenſe, that ſhe might read with propriety.

After ſhe had done reading Engliſh, ſhe carried her book away, and put it into the trunk again, and brought her French book, which was the ſecond volume of *La Bagatelle*, and tranſlated her leſſon very readily; her next buſineſs was to learn the Indicative mood of the verb *Aimer*; this ſhe found rather troubleſome, and was once or twice juſt going to fret and whine; but ſhe recollected that her Mamma was to write an account of her, and therefore ſhe put on a cheerful countenance, and took pains to learn her verb, and ſaid it very perfectly to her Mamma.

After this ſhe took out her work, which was a ſmall cover for a ſtool ſhe was doing in ſingle croſs-ſtitch, and worked very diligently for an hour; her Mamma then gave her leave to go and play in the garden.

In

In the garden ſhe played very quietly and pretily, and did not run into any dirt, but amuſed herſelf with ſeeing her brother at work in his garden. She behaved at dinner quite as well as ſhe had done at breakfaſt; and after dinner, aſked her Mamma to give her leave to put the map of *Europe* together, which was her uſual amuſement in an afternoon. Juſt as ſhe had put all the pieces exactly together, and was beginning to tell her Mamma the names of all the capital cities, her little brother came running into the room, full of play, and throwing his hat acroſs the table, entirely diſunited all her kingdoms. She was on the point of crying out pretty violently, but the thought of to-morrow's ſtory came into her mind, and ſhe only took *Edwin*'s hat gently off the table, and ſaid, Pray, brother, do not throw your hat any more: ſee what miſchief you have done! But the little fellow thought there was ſomething very diverting in ſeeing all the pieces fly about,

and, therefore, as ſoon as ſhe began to put them in order again, he again ſkimmed his hat acroſs the table. Three times ſhe attempted to ſettle the affairs of *Europe*, and as often Maſter *Edwin* deranged them. The little girl then, with great good-humour, put the pieces into the box, and ſaid, to her Mamma, *Edwin* is in ſuch a wild humour, that I think I had better put the box away till he is gone. No, my dear, ſaid her Mamma; he ſhall not teaſe you any more. I had a mind to give you an opportunity of ſhowing how good you could be; and now he ſhall not interfere with you again: ſo calling the little boy, his Mamma told him, if he did not let his ſiſter's things alone, he muſt be ſent out of the room; ſhe then gave him a box of ivory letters to amuſe him.

Miſs *Lydia* continued to behave quite well till ſhe went to-bed. Not being in the leaſt troubleſome, by making a noiſe, or worrying for books or play-things which were not at hand; but employing herſelf

with ſuch things as ſhe met with, without being in any body's way. You may be ſure that ſhe went to-bed very happy at night; and that her Papa and Mamma took a very affectionate leave of her.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE RELAPSE.

THE following day, at breakfaſt, Miſs *Lydia* had the pleaſure of hearing her Mamma read this account of her very pretty behaviour, and ſaying, that ſhe had been quite good all day; which of courſe made her extremely happy. For ſeveral days *Lydia* went on in the ſame charming manner: never was idle at her taſks, impatient at her meals, nor peeviſh at her play; and her Mamma began to hope, that ſhe had quite corrected all her faults. Sorry, however, am I to ſay, that ſhe did not

not perſevere in being ſo regularly good. After a ſhort time ſhe began to grow a little tired of taking pains with herſelf. The firſt time ſhe forgot herſelf was when ſhe was reading her French leſſon. Having finiſhed *La Bagatelle*, her Mamma gave her *Chambaud's French Fables*, ſhowed her the dictionary at the end, and inſtructed her how to find out any word ſhe wanted. This was rather difficult at firſt, but in a few days would have grown eaſy to her; however ſhe wanted reſolution to take a little pains, and began fretting and grumbling ſadly. Her Mamma ſaid, Recollect yourſelf, *Lydia*; this will not make a pretty ſtory: and, taking the book, would very kindly have aſſiſted her to look for the word *Pierre*; which was what ſhe happened to want; but *Lydia* turned her head on one ſide, and made up a ſad diſmal face. Her Mamma then laid the book on the table, and took no further notice, but went out of the room. She ſtaid ſome little time, and when ſhe came in

again, found little *Lydia* ſitting very ſorrowfully in the corner of the room. She was aſhamed to look at her Mamma or to ſpeak a word; the thoughts of having diſgraced herſelf, after having ſet out with ſo much credit, and been ſo good for almoſt a week, grieved her very much; and ſhe would have given any thing in the world to have had the laſt half hour to ſpend over again.

After a ſilence of near a quarter of an hour, her Mamma ſaid to her, What are you thinking of *Lydia?*

LYDIA.

I am thinking, Mamma, how fooliſh I ſhall look, and how aſhamed I ſhall be tomorrow morning, when you read this naughty ſtory of me.

MAMMA.

Really, my dear, I ſhall not feel leſs aſhamed nor concerned than you; and I was in great hope, after you had experienced the comfort of being good, that you would

would not have again relapſed into your old faults.

LYDIA.

I am ſure, Mamma, this morning I did not think I ſhould ever have been naughty again. What muſt I do?

MAMMA.

I hope the feeling ſo fooliſh and aſhamed as you ſay you ſhall do, on hearing this account read, will prevent your behaving ſo again. Endeavour now to make amends for your fault, by taking great pains with your leſſon. There is the book, now find *Pierre.*

Lydia did as ſhe was bidden; and got her leſſon very well, and behaved pretty well the reſt of the day, though not quite ſo pleaſingly as ſhe had done ſome days before: for the thought of her miſbehaviour had hurt her ſpirits, and inclined her to be a little fretful and whining.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE GENEROUS CONFESSION.

THE meeting at breakfaſt, you may ſuppoſe, was not a very pleaſant one to Miſs *Lydia*. Her Mamma, however, after reading the account of her fault, added, that ſhe had acknowledged herſelf truly ſorry and aſhamed of it, and had learned her leſſon very diligently; and then embracing her, ſaid, ſhe dared ſay ſhe ſhould never be obliged to put her to the bluſh again.

Miſs *Lydia* now began the day with again trying to be very good; but not with half the ſpirit and cheerfulneſs that ſhe had done before her fault; and in the courſe of the three or four next weeks ſhe was very frequently off her guard. However ſhe perſevered in ſtriving to be good, and often, when ſhe had begun to

ſpeak

ſpeak croſsly, or be idle, or argue with her Mamma, ſhe would recollect herſelf, and ſtop ſhort at once, and running to her Mamma, ſay, My dear Mamma do kiſs me, and then I will be good. Acting thus, ſhe became leſs and leſs apt to offend, and many days paſſed without one unpleaſant ſtory to tell.

It happened, however, one day, when ſhe and her little brother were in the garden, that he took off the bench a noſegay ſhe had juſt been tying up, with an intention of preſenting it to her Mamma. She ran with ſome eagerneſs to take it from him; but the little fellow was tenacious of it; upon which ſhe grew angry, and a conteſt enſued: at laſt, in a paſſion, ſhe took hold of the tops of the flowers, and pulled them all to pieces, and threw her brother down by her violence. *Edwin* began crying; and ſhe, who loved him dearly, forgot all her anger immediately, begged his pardon for having thrown him down, and aſked, whether he was hurt? A

few

few kiſſes and another flower ſoon made it up with little *Edwin*, and this quarrel paſſed over without being obſerved by any body, and had really been forgotten by Miſs *Lydia* till ſhe went to-bed.

Lydia, though ſhe was not always free from faults, was a child of remarkable honour; and could not bear the thoughts, in any way, of deceiving any one. She could not, therefore, ſuffer her Mamma to ſay ſhe had been good all day, when ſhe felt ſo conſcious of the contrary; and went, as ſoon as ſhe was dreſſed, to confeſs the whole truth. As ſhe paſſed the window, ſhe ſaw a lady, for whom ſhe had a particular reſpect, coming in, and, as ſhe well knew, to breakfaſt with her Mamma. This was a ſad mortification to her: however, ſhe went on into her Mamma's room, and upon being aſked, what the dog barked at, told her Mamma, Miſs *Hipkins* was come to breakfaſt with her. She then ſtood by the window conſidering how ſhe ſhould begin to ſpeak to her

Mamma.

Mamma. Her affectionate mother, having watched her countenance, ſaid, You look grave and perplexed, *Lydia*; I ſuppoſe you are thinking of the journal; but do not be alarmed, my love, I have not one fault to mention, and Miſs *Hipkins* will rejoice to hear you are grown ſo good a girl. Oh! Mamma! ſaid the dear girl, I cannot deceive you, nor receive praiſes I do not deſerve. She then told all that paſſed between her and *Edwin* in the garden.

I have been very naughty, Mamma, ſaid *Lydia*, and I ſhall be very much aſhamed to hear it told; but I ſhould be ſtill more aſhamed to be fondled and commended, while I thought, that if you knew as much of me as I do of myſelf, you would behave in a very different manner to me. Her Mamma caught her in her arms in a tranſport of affection, and ſaid, May God for ever bleſs you, my dear child; and preſerve to you that ſincerity and ſingleneſs of heart which are ſo precious in his ſight!

ſight! Look up, my love; I ſhall relate your fault; but the ſtory of your voluntary confeſſion will reflect more honour upon you, than if no fault had been committed: and every thing may be hoped of a young perſon with ſo noble a diſpoſition.—Come, let us go down.

A few days after this amiable behaviour of Miſs *Lydia*'s, her Mamma received a letter to appoint a day for the arrival of ſome company, who were to ſtay a fortnight, and whom Miſs *Lydia* had never ſeen.

On the evening on which they were to come, Miſs *Lydia* joined her Mamma as ſhe was walking alone in the garden, and, after ſome heſitation, ſaid, ſhe had a favour to beg of her, which was, that no ſtories might be read about her while the company ſtaid.

MAMMA.

Why not, my dear?—

LYDIA.

If I ſhould happen to be naughty, I ſhall

ſhall be ſo aſhamed to hear it told before ſtrangers!

MAMMA.

Then you will have an additional motive to be attentive to your conduct; and ſurely you would ſubmit to any method that is likely to make you good.

LYDIA.

But to have every body know how naughty one is——

MAMMA.

You ſeldom do wrong without being obſerved by ſomebody, and generally by more perſons than you are aware of.—I ſpeak after the common manner of ſpeaking.—But to be more ſerious, there is a conſtant witneſs, *Lydia*—

LYDIA.

I know, Mamma—God always ſees me.

MAMMA.

And is He not more to be feared than all the world put together? both becauſe He is more able to puniſh you, and be-

cauſe,

cauſe, as He is the greateſt of beings, it is more diſgrace to appear diſhonourable in His ſight than in that of all the creatures He has made. But that is not all; you ſeem to dread that "Every body ſhould "know how naughty you are."—Be careful then. There will come a day when all the men that ever were in the world, and all the angels that are in heaven, will be aſſembled together: and all thoſe who have been wicked will have their ſins proclaimed before this aſſembled multitude, and be diſgraced before them all. Beware then, my child, of real offences, and watch now ſo continually over your behaviour, that, by correcting, while you are ſo young, all your little faults, you may be happily preſerved from falling into ſuch ſerious ones as will cover you with ſhame and confuſion at that awful day.

Here they were interrupted by the arrival of all the company; but her mother's words ſunk deep into Miſs *Lydia*'s mind, and from that time ſhe was doubly

careful of all her behaviour. During the whole fortnight that the company ſtaid, ſhe had no cauſe to regret the journal's being produced. From that time, it was very ſeldom that any error of conſequence was mentioned in it.

After having gotten the better of ſome bad habits ſhe had contracted, ſhe daily, by an attention to her Mamma's advice, improved in every grace and accompliſhment. The good-will with which ſhe applied to her different taſks, occaſioned her making a great progreſs in them: and her conſtant good-humour and compoſedneſs of temper made her look always pretty and engaging. Her Mamma was ſo charmed with the ſweetneſs of her behaviour, which was free from all noiſe, rudeneſs, or turbelence, that ſhe ſtudied every way in her power to indulge and gratify her; and if ever ſhe was refuſed any thing, ſhe knew it was becauſe it was not fit for her; and, therefore, never aſked nor wiſhed about it again.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

BENEVOLENCE ENCOURAGED.

ABOUT a month or two after Miſs *Lydia*'s Mamma had begun to write an account of her behaviour, the little girl was playing with a few companions at a bench cloſe by the garden-gate. Her Papa had made her a preſent of a ſmall baſket of cherries out of the hot-houſe, and the little girls were amuſing themſelves with tying them on ſticks, as the fruiterers do when they firſt bring them to market.

While they were thus employed, a little girl very tidily dreſſed walked by, leading by the hand her brother, who appeared between two and three years old. The girl's attention was taken by the ſight of the fruit at ſo early a ſeaſon, and the little

little boy, who thought they looked nice, though he did not know what they were, ſaid, Look, *Sally!—gapes!* The girl did not ſpeak nor give offence to any body; but one of the Miſſes, whoſe pride predominated over her good-nature, aſked her, in a haughty tone of voice, What ſhe wanted? and bade her not be ſo impertinent as to ſtand ſtaring at them. The little girl moved on directly; but the poor little boy pulled from her, and ſaid, in a crying tone of voice, *Gapes!* I want *gapes!* This produced a ſecond huffing from the ſame Miſs; who ſaid, Get you gone, you little monkey. His ſiſter then immediately took him away.

Miſs *Lydia*, who was much hurt at her friend's behaviour, ſaid, How could you ſpeak ſo croſsly to the poor little things? why ſhould not they love fruit as well as we; and more too, as it muſt appear a greater rarity? She then went out at the gate, and ſtepping after the little children, put into the little boy's hand a ſtick of

cherries which ſhe had juſt tied up. There, little boy, ſaid ſhe, theſe are not grapes; they are cherries: when you have played with them a little while you muſt give your ſiſter half. Yes; ſaid he, I always give ſiſter half.—Look, *Sally!*

But you ſhould ſay, Thank you, Miſs, ſaid *Sally*, making a pretty courteſy; and do not pull them off till you have ſhown them to my mammy: they are ſo pretty!

Little *Lydia* felt pleaſed and very comfortable after ſhe had done this good-natured action; and ſhe could not help being conſcious that her Mamma would have approved of her for it; but ſhe knew too well what was right and becoming to tell of it herſelf, or even to give a hint of it: for though nothing gave her ſo much pleaſure as her mother's commendations, yet ſhe knew that a good action loſes all its beauty when it is done for the ſake of any reward whatever. Her behaviour, however, did not paſs unobſerved, for the maid, who was walking in the garden

with

with a baby in her arms, ſaw the whole tranſaction, and was ſo delighted with it, that when ſhe went to dreſs her miſtreſs, ſhe told her how ſweetly Miſs *Lydia* had behaved. Miſs *Lydia*'s Mamma, however, took no notice at all to her of it. Think what was the dear girl's ſurpriſe in the morning, when ſhe heard the whole ſtory read aloud in her Mamma's journal; and think what pleaſure ſhe received from praiſes ſo well deſerved as thoſe which were beſtowed upon her. Her Mamma inquired of her whether ſhe knew the little girl's name, or where ſhe lived? ſhe anſwered, No, Mamma: ſhe looked very clean and neat, Mamma; but I obſerved that ſhe had no tippet, nor any thing to keep her neck from the ſun; and the little boy's toes came through his ſhoes. If you pleaſe, I will give her the garden ſhawl I have juſt left off; and I think thoſe red ſhoes, which are too little for *Edwin*, will fit the little boy. Then you ſhall have the pleaſure of giving thoſe

things to them, ſaid her Mamma; you may aſk *Mary* for them, and I have a bit of check by me, which I will cut into an apron, and you ſhall make it for the little girl; *Mary* ſays ſhe is about your height. —*Lydia* did not forget the permiſſion ſhe had. The ſhawl and ſhoes were laid carefully by, and with them a paper of almonds and raiſins, which ſhe had bought with her own money.

Lydia, with great pleaſure, ſet about the taſk propoſed to her, and worked with great neatneſs and expedition upon the apron. Miſs *Stark* happening to come in when ſhe was at work, expreſſed great ſurpriſe at her employment, and ſaid, ſhe wondered her Mamma ſhould let her wear the ſkin off her pretty little fingers with ſuch coarſe, naſty work, which was much fitter for the maid than for her; and that ſhe thought it much below her to be making checked aprons for a poor girl.

When Miſs *Stark* was gone, *Lydia* told her Mamma what ſhe had ſaid to her. I

muſt not, ſaid her Mamma, ſuffer Miſs *Stark* to viſit you, if ſhe puts ſuch notions into your head. Can it poſſibly be below you to be uſeful to any perſon living? Your pretty little fingers, as ſhe calls them, were given you to be of uſe; and though ſhe employs hers only at the harpſichord, yet I think they ſhould often be exerciſed in plain and profitable works.

LYDIA.

I like to work ſometimes, Mamma.

MAMMA.

It is very proper you ſhould. Never, eſpecially, my dear girl, be above working for the poor, and doing them every ſervice in your power: little girls have ſeldom much money, their very cloaths are given them; the only thing they have of their own is their time: if they give up ſome of their play-hours to work for a poor neighbour, they ſtrengthen good diſpoſitions and habits in themſelves, and do, perhaps, the only act of charity in their power. You had no apron to give the

little

little girl, ſo I let you work at this, that you might have the pleaſure of making it by that mean your own preſent; and I hope, that during the whole of your life, you will find it one of your greateſt pleaſures to do good and kind actions. Miſs *Stark* would, I think, be aſhamed of talking ſo, if ſhe ever read her bible, or conſidered who has laboured ſo much for the poor.

LYDIA.

Miſs *Stark*'s Mamma gives her a great deal of money, and I believe ſhe often gives ſome of it away.

MAMMA.

I do not know that ſhe wants good-nature; but ſhe puts herſelf to no inconvenience by giving away money, when ſhe can go and get more of her Mamma the firſt time ſhe wants a toy; and ſhe would ſhow much more real charity, if ſhe wore leſs finery, or ſpent a little leſs time in diverſion, for the ſake of being ſerviceable to the poor ſometimes. Charity, my dear,

means

means love to our neighbour; and we are moſt ſure that love is ſincere when we part with ſomething we like, or give ourſelves ſome trouble to ſerve them.

LYDIA.

Then, Mamma, inſtead of going into the garden this afternoon, I will finiſh the apron; at preſent I am very tired, and muſt go and take a run.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE MAY GARLAND.

THOUGH *Lydia* watched very anxiouſly, a day or two paſſed before ſhe ſaw the little folk again; one day, however, as ſhe was ſitting at the window, ſhe ſaw them coming, ſhe flew down ſtairs, and met them juſt as they were going by the gate; in her haſte to catch them ſhe had run down without the preſents; ſhe, there-

fore,

fore, desired them to stop a minute, and going up stairs again, soon returned with the shawl, the shoes, the apron, and the almonds and raisins. She made the two children very happy by her gifts, particularly the boy, who said, Thank you, and cried, Shoes! shoes! twenty times over.

Lydia made him sit down on the bench whilst his sister put them on, and observing he had but one shoe-string, ran in to ask for a bit of ribbon. *Mary* gave her a very nice bit of black ribbon, long enough to tye both shoes, and sent the young folk away much delighted; though the dressing them took up her attention so much, that she forgot to ask their names, or where they lived. Many days had passed, and *Lydia* had almost forgotten the little girl and boy, when one morning she arose early, very cheerful with the consciousness of having behaved well the preceding day; and as the sun shone, and it was very pleasant, she put on her hat, handkerchief, and gloves, and

walked

walked into the garden before breakfaſt: ſhe had not walked long before ſhe ſaw ſomething held up at the gate that looked very pretty; ſhe went that way to ſee what it was, and ſoon knew the little girl and boy to whom ſhe had been ſo kind. They held between them a garland made of all ſorts of pretty flowers, tied with bits of ribbon; What have you there? ſaid *Lydia*; I never ſaw ſuch a pretty thing before! It is a preſent for you, Miſs, ſaid *Sally*, if you will pleaſe to accept of it: to-day is MAY DAY, and my mother and I got up at four o'clock this morning to make the garland. My mother had ſeveral good friends who gave her leave to gather flowers in their gardens, and ſome ladies gave her bits of ribbon; we have taken a great deal of pains to make it, and I hope you will like it.

The delight of *Lydia* is not to be expreſſed; ſhe thanked the little girl in a very civil pretty manner, and then ran, half wild with pleaſure, into her Mamma's

room,

room, to ſhow her prize. It is very handſome, indeed, my dear, ſaid her Mamma, the child's mother has ſhown a very grateful attention. But you ſhould make the little girl ſome preſent; for though I dare ſay that was not her mother's view in ſending the garland, yet it is uſual on May Day.—Run down with this ſhilling.

Away flew little *Lydia*; but ſhe was too late. The children had been ſtrictly charged not to ſtay at all, for fear it ſhould ſeem as if they expected any thing; and if any money were offered them, to refuſe it very civilly, and ſay, their mother would be very angry if they took it.

The joy of the garland had ſtill prevented any inquiry about their name or place of abode; but Miſs *Lydia*'s Mamma was ſo pleaſed with this inſtance of delicate civility in their mother, that ſhe took pains to learn who ſhe was, and found that her name was *Bruſh*; that ſhe was a very worthy

worthy and induſtrious woman, who kept a little ſchool, and took in needle-work. Miſs *Lydia*, after ſhowing her garland with great delight in the parlour, hung it up in the nurſery; and at every interval of leiſure, during the day, came to admire it, and to play with it.

In the morning, as ſoon as Miſs *Lydia* aroſe, ſhe went to look at her garland; but to her great mortification ſaw that all its beauty was gone; that the tulips hung their heads, that the other flowers were withered, and their colours faded; with ſome concern ſhe went to her Mamma, to ſhow her the change in her garland. My dear moppet, ſaid ſhe, had you forgotten that flowers would wither? they draw all their nouriſhment from the earth, and, therefore, when they are ſeparated from it they muſt die.

LYDIA.

How can the earth nouriſh them, Mamma?

MAMMA.

My dear, as the food you take nouriſhes you, ſo the plant draws the moiſture out of the earth, and that moiſture runs through all the parts of it, and ſupports it; and according to the different channels it runs through, takes all kinds of beautiful colours, or ſometimes only a fine green; and in ſome flowers takes no colour at all, but leaves the plant a pure white. The earth is called the parent of plants and vegetables; and it ſupports them as a mother does her child: if the flower be taken out of the ground, it withers as theſe have done; and what would little *Joſeph* or even you do, *Lydia*, if you were taken from me?

LYDIA.

You told me once that God took care of me.

MAMMA.

Certainly; and without the help of God neither could the earth nouriſh its plants, nor the mother protect her child; but in general,

general, he is pleaſed to convey ſupport and bleſſings to the child, through the means of the parents; and as they delight in being made the inſtruments of his goodneſs to their child, it ought to inſpire the child with tender affection and gratitude towards them, and incline it to obey the commands of God:

"Honour thy father and thy mother."

LYDIA.

I am ſure, Mamma, I love you; and you are very good to me.

MAMMA.

And I have the pleaſure of telling you, you were very good yeſterday; for when I called you to your leſſon, though you were deeply engaged in examining your garland, you aſked *Mary* to hang it up, and came directly. I deſign, as a reward, to take you, after buſineſs is done, to ſee Mrs. *Bruſh* and her young family; and, if you can find any little books to carry, I dare ſay they will be a very welcome preſent. I ſhall take ſome of the *Short*

Lectures for the use of Sunday Schools, and the *Catechism divided into sentences*. This promise gave much delight to Miss *Lydia*, and encouraged her to get her lessons with great diligence.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE SCHOOL ROOM.

THE morning business being finished, Miss *Lydia* and her Mamma set out, accompanied by little *Edwin*. They found the good woman in an exceedingly neat, comfortable room, surrounded by a number of little forms, on which sat about twenty very orderly children, among whom were her own little boy and girl. The little girl was marking a sampler, and the little boy looking at the alphabet in a spelling-book. At the sight of the lady and her children, they all rose up, and

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bruſh* would have ſent them away, as ſchool was almoſt done; but Miſs *Lydia* and her Mamma both begged they might ſit down again. They looked at their works, examined their books, and Miſs *Lydia*'s Mamma aſked Mrs. *Bruſh* many queſtions about her own children, and her ſcholars, while the little girl was very buſy looking over *Sally*, and ſeeing her make words upon her ſampler. *Edwin* employed himſelf in admiring a parrot which hung in the corner of the room, and which repeated b, a, ba, c, a, ca, d, a, da, and ſo on, as he had learnt by hearing the children; and was indeed an apter ſcholar than ſome of them. Upon a hint from her Mamma, Miſs *Lydia* preſented to Mrs. *Bruſh* the books ſhe had brought, which were *The good Child's Delight*, *Short Converſations*, and *Familiar Dialogues*, together with the books before mentioned, which her Mamma had brought.

For the little girl Miſs *Lydia* reſerved *Firſt Principles of Religion*, a book which

her Mamma eſteemed very highly indeed, and preferred to any other book of the kind, but which ſhe did not put into her hands till ſhe had altered ſome few paſſages; which, though written with the beſt intention in the world, appeared to her to ſpeak of the Deity in words too free to be put even into the mouth of an ignorant child. *Lydia* had not forgotten the little boy, to whom ſhe gave the *Univerſal Shuttlecock*. You may be ſure theſe preſents were received with many thanks; and Mrs. *Bruſh* afterwards aſked her viſiters to walk in her garden, ſhowed them a nice brood of chickens, and gave Miſs *Lydia* ſome cabbage to feed two rabbits that were in a hutch: ſhe then took them to her bee-hives, where the little bees were all in a cluſter at the door, or buzzing about and ſipping ſweetneſs out of the flowers, to make honey for their winter proviſion.

I have heard my ſiſter, ſaid *Lydia*, repeat

peat ſome verſes about killing the poor bees and taking their honey.

I do not kill them, Miſs, ſaid Mrs. *Bruſh*, I have been taught to uſe ſome fumes which will ſtupify them for a time, and then I take their honey, only leaving them a little to live upon, and they ſoon revive; and if, in the winter, when there are no flowers, I cannot ſpare them honey enough, I feed them with ſugar and water. The greateſt part of my honey I have ſold; but when we go in, if you pleaſe, you ſhall taſte the remainder.

The young people were permitted to take a little of the offered honey, which was nicely ſpread on a thin bit of home-baked bread. The lady made a preſent of ſome money to the good woman, and they then took their leave of Mrs. *Bruſh* and the children.

CHAP-

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE LITTLE LAMB.

ABOUT a week after the visit to the school, *Lydia*, from her window, saw *Sally* lugging something under her arm, which seemed more than she could manage, when the little girl came to the gate, she stopped and looked in, but modesty prevented her from ringing. Miss *Lydia* went down to see what she wanted; but how surprised was she to see that *Sally*'s load was a little lamb, not many days old. It had been given to *Sally* by a farmer, whose little boy and girl went to school to her mother, because the dam was dead; and she had adorned its neck with a wreath of field flowers, and brought it as a present to Miss *Lydia*; accordingly when *Lydia* came to the gate, she, in a very pretty

pretty manner, begged her acceptance of it, and told her it muſt be fed two or three times a-day with warm milk. Nobody can expreſs the delight of Miſs *Lydia*, upon finding herſelf miſtreſs of the lamb. Her joy, however, did not make her forget to thank *Sally* with great good-nature and civility for the gift; nor did it prevent her recollecting that her mother had thought it proper to offer her a preſent for the May Garland, ſhe, therefore, begged her to ſtay till ſhe ſhowed the lamb to her Mamma; and taking it up, tottered into the houſe; ſhe ſoon returned with half a crown, which ſhe took great pains to perſuade *Sally* to accept, but to no purpoſe: ſhe ſaid, her mother would be very angry with her if ſhe took any thing; that the lamb had coſt her nothing, and ſhe had been ſtrictly charged to take nothing for it.

Then, ſaid Miſs *Lydia*, at leaſt let me give you ſome fruit and ſome cake; and taking the little girl by the hand, ſeated her

her upon a bench, and ran to fetch her a piece of cake; then, with her Mamma's leave, ſhe gathered for her ſome ſtrawberries and cherries. *Sally* thanked her very prettily, and begged leave to carry them home to divide with her brother; thus having given the little lamb a kiſs, and again told Miſs *Lydia* it muſt be fed with warm milk, and be taken into the houſe at night, ſhe went away.

You may believe that the greateſt part of *Lydia*'s employment was to feed and tend the little lamb, whoſe baaing would indeed have excited tenderneſs even in a heart of leſs ſenſibility than *Lydia*'s.

The pleaſure ſhe had in the lamb, naturally led her to think and talk of the little giver. *Lydia* obſerved to her Mamma, that although *Sally* was a poor girl, and had never gone into company, yet ſhe always behaved in a very pretty manner, and ſpoke gently and civilly, and made charming courteſies.

My dear, ſaid her Mamma, when people

have

have a modeſt opinion of themſelves, and wiſh to behave with reſpect and civility, they ſeldom do any thing that is improper.

A fear of offending will make them gentle and reſerved in their behaviour; and a perſon who tries to ſpeak in an obliging manner is not often at a loſs for language. It is conceit and forwardneſs which make people diſguſting; and conceit and forwardneſs are as diſagreeable in a little girl or boy, if their parents are rich as if they were poor. Nothing can make children agreeable but being humble and tractable, and behaving in an obliging, reſpectful manner to every body; for as children, whoever their parents be, can know very little, and are unable to ſay any thing worth hearing, they ſhould, therefore, think every body of more conſequence than themſelves, and be very much obliged to any body who takes notice of them. I am ſure, ſaid *Lydia*, I think myſelf ſo. You always appear to think ſo, my dear, ſaid her Mamma; our friends

are very kind to you, and will continue ſo while you behave as properly as you do; but whenever children begin to argue with grown people, ſpeak pertly to them, like Miſs *Smart*, or pretend to know better than they do, what is right and proper, they become very ridiculous and very diſagreeable. What pleaſes you in *Sally*, and what will equally pleaſe in yourſelf is, that ſhe ſeems to have no wiſh nor will but to oblige you, and to do what ſhe thinks may pleaſe you, and ſhow her reſpect to you.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE WORK-BAGS.

DURING the courſe of the ſummer, Miſs *Lydia*'s aunt found it neceſſary to take a long journey, and deſired the favour to leave her little daughter in her ſiſter's family during her abſence, as it was not convenient

convenient to take her. This little girl, whoſe name was *Fanny*, was about *Lydia*'s age; and, therefore, though Miſs *Lydia*'s elder ſiſters were very obliging and good-natured to her, yet ſhe was her chief companion, and was very much delighted with her ſociety. One day, a lady, who was very intimate in the family, came to make a viſit, and brought a preſent to each of the little girls of a ſilk work-bag trimmed with broad lace. In the bag were a needle-book furniſhed with thread and needles, a ſilver thimble, a pair of ſciſſors with ſilver tops in a nice red ſheath; and beſide, a piece of drawn lawn neatly tacked upon a bit of oil-ſkin, and juſt begun for them, that they might each work for herſelf a tucker.

Miſs *Fanny*, though very good-natured, was exceedingly giddy and careleſs, leaving her dolls, books, and every thing ſhe had, ſcattered all over the houſe; the conſequence of which was, that they were frequently loſt or ſpoiled. This lady, there-

fore, knowing her failing, gave her a particular caution to take care of her work-bag; and desired, when the young ladies came to see her, they would each bring their bag with them.

For some little time *Fanny* continued very mindful of the advice which had been given her. One day they had been working in a little summer-house in the garden, and Miss *Fanny* had been particularly guarded, by one of the elder young ladies, against leaving her work-bag, when she came in.

Miss *Lydia*, when she had done work, collected all her things into her bag, and hung it upon her arm, *Fanny* did the same, and they both came down out of the summer-house; but *Fanny* said, she must gather a nosegay before she came in, out of a little garden that had been given her, and away she ran to the place; but finding the work-bag inconvenient upon her arm when she stooped to gather flowers, she laid it down on a clean grass plot. The

nosegay

noſegay being made, ſhe was preparing to go in, when ſhe ſaw *Lydia*'s little lamb, who was in the adjoining field, put his noſe over the pales very near her; ſhe ran to him, ſtroked his head, fetched him ſome cabbage to eat out of her hand, and played with him, till recollecting ſhe ſhould ſcarce have time to be dreſſed before dinner, ſhe ran in, in great haſte, leaving the work-bag upon the graſs. *Fanny* did not once think of her work-bag till ſhe was going to ſit down to work after dinner; ſhe then recollected that ſhe had left it upon the graſs, and ran in great haſte to fetch it; but when ſhe came ſhe found all her things in a very diſmal condition; the work-bag was torn to pieces, and all wet and dirty; the needle-book and work were toſſed out, and entirely ſpoiled; the thimble had rolled quite away; in ſhort, nothing had eſcaped but the ſciſſors, and, as for the ſheath, that was bent, and the colour quite changed. Any of you who ever have had a preſent

you were pleaſed with, and ſeen it deſtroyed by your own carleſſneſs, will be able to judge what this little girl felt, when ſhe caſt her eyes upon all this miſchief. She ſtood at firſt quite ſtupified, then began to examine the things, one by one, and when ſhe found them entirely ſpoiled, ſhe could not refrain from tears and lamentation. The gardener, hearing her cry, came from the other end of the garden, to know what was the matter? ſhe told him her misfortunes, and aſked, who could have put her things into that ſtate? The gardener ſaid, it was a great pity, but he did not doubt but it was the puppy, for he had juſt before ſeen him running about the garden, and had turned him out.

Poor *Fanny* could do nothing but pick up the tattered bits, and carry them ſorrowfully into the houſe; even thoſe who blamed her negligence could not help pitying her; and ſhe found Miſs *Lydia*, in particular, ready to cry with her, and to ſhare in her trouble.

The

The next morning, as *Lydia* and her little friend were talking over this accident, *Fanny* ſaid, her greateſt concern was, that Mrs. *Grant* would know ſhe had taken ſo little care of her preſent; and that ſhe could not bear the thought of ſeeing her; but, ſays ſhe, one of the maids told me, ſhe had got a piece of blue ſilk juſt the colour of mine, and ſhe had a couſin who was a milliner, and would give her a bit of blond lace and ribbon, and ſhe would make me a bag and needle-book, juſt like the others; and that I might buy a ſheath with my own money; and if we could but find the thimble, Mrs. *Grant* need never know it; for, as your Mamma was out all day yeſterday, and does not come home till to-morrow, ſhe need know nothing of the matter; and who elſe will tell? It may be very good-natured in *Sarah*, ſaid Miſs *Lydia*; but I hope, my dear *Fanny*, you are too good to do ſuch a mean, deceitful trick; if, you ſay, you could not bear to

ſee Mrs. *Grant* now, I think it muſt diſtreſs you a great deal more to ſee her when you knew you were trying to deceive her; and how dreadful it would be to hear her commend you for taking ſuch care of your bag, when you were conſcious how you have behaved. I am ſure, if no creature were to find me out, I ſhould be very miſerable; and if you ſhould be found out, what would become of you then?

You are a great deal better than I am, ſaid *Fanny*; and now I conſider about it, I dare ſay my Mamma would be very ſorry I ſhould do ſo; and ſo I muſt tell Mrs. *Grant* the whole truth, I think—but I ſhall look ſo fooliſh!

CHAP.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THE VISIT.

SOMETIME after the loſs of the work-bag, the family received an invitation to dine at Mrs. *Grant*'s. On the day they were to go, Miſs *Lydia* took an opportunity of ſeeing her Mamma alone, and aſking her advice. I do not like, Mamma, ſaid ſhe, to take my work-bag with me, becauſe I think it will mortify poor *Fanny* ſo, and look as if I wanted to ſhow I was more careful than ſhe; and yet I am afraid of appearing uncivil to Mrs. *Grant*, who deſired me to bring it.

Lydia received her mamma's tendereſt careſſes, and commendations, for her ſentiment and generoſity; you judge with great propriety and delicacy, my dear, as to not taking the work-bag; and Mrs. *Grant*,

Grant, who muſt know the hiſtory of poor *Fanny*'s, will eaſily gueſs your reaſon for leaving yours at home, and will honour you for it: and *Fanny*, when ſhe knows how kind and conſiderate you are, muſt love you dearly. The coach was ſoon after at the door, and Miſs *Lydia*, her Mamma, one of her ſiſters, and *Fanny* got in.

Poor *Fanny* was that day an inſtance how one giddy or thoughtleſs thing may entirely deſtroy a perſon's pleaſure. She had been expecting the day they were to go to Mrs. *Grant*'s with great impatience and delight; but her unfortunate careleſſneſs had ſo altered her feelings, that ſhe dreaded the thought of going, and would very gladly have been left behind. She was very grave all the way, though *Lydia* tried all ſhe could to amuſe her, by pointing out to her the flowers in the hedges, the birds in the trees, and the carriages as they paſſed. Mrs. *Grant* was very happy to ſee them all, and eſpecially the

the two young ones. She obſerved them, however, a little, to ſee if they had brought their work-bags.

The young ladies, as they were ſeating themſelves, obſerved upon a table, at the farther end of the room, two very little cradles with dolls in them; they thought it probable they were intended as a preſent for them; and this thought increaſed poor Miſs *Fanny*'s diſtreſs and confuſion: to receive another preſent when ſhe had been ſo careleſs of the former, hurt every generous principle within her; after ſome little time, Mrs. *Grant* aſked Miſs *Lydia* if ſhe had done her tucker? *Lydia* anſwered very modeſtly and prettily, Yes, Madam.

And why did you not then bring it to ſhow me? I dare ſay it is very nicely done; and I had pleaſed myſelf much with the thoughts of ſeeing both your works: is yours finiſhed too, Miſs *Fanny*? Poor *Fanny* could hold out no longer, but burſt into tears. Her aunt was ſo good

as

as to explain to Mrs. *Grant* the cauſe of her grief, and tell how very ſorry ſhe had been: ſhe likewiſe informed her of *Lydia*'s delicacy in not chuſing to make a parade of her work-bag, which was, however, very ſafe at home.

You are a ſweet girl, ſaid Mrs. *Grant*, and will, I dare ſay, make an excellent nurſe; ſhe then fetched the two cradles; they were both of white ſattin, the one had fine worked muſlin curtains tied with blue, and a muſlin dimity quilt fringe; and in it lay a little doll dreſſed like a little boy in a muſlin robe, with a laced roſe to his cap, and a blue ſaſh. The other cradle had pink Perſian curtains tied with white ribbon, and a white ſattin quilt bound with pink ribbon; this contained a little girl in a muſlin robe likewiſe, with a pink ribbon round her cap, and a pink ſaſh round her waiſt. The goodneſs of your behaviour, ſaid Mrs. *Grant*, I think entitles you to the privilege of chuſing firſt; take which you like: Miſs *Fanny*

will

will accept the other; and I dare ſay ſhe will not let the puppy come into her nurſery.

Miſs *Lydia* begged leave to let Miſs *Fanny* chuſe firſt, and preſſed her much to ſay which ſhe liked beſt; but ſhe conſtantly refuſed; till after this friendly conteſt had laſted ſome little time, Miſs *Lydia*'s Mamma told her, it would be better for her to make a choice, as Miſs *Fanny* could not be perſuaded to determine.

The dear girl had pitied *Fanny*, and wiſhed that ſhe ſhould be pleaſed about the doll; and, as ſhe knew that ſhe very much preferred the little boy herſelf, ſhe naturally thought that *Fanny* would do ſo too, and, therefore, left it for her, and took the little girl. *Fanny* then took the boy, and promiſed to guard it from puppies, and all other miſchances.

I thought, ſaid the elder Miſs *Lively*, you were wiſhing but the other day for a little

a little boy doll. I expected you would have choſen that?

Lydia ſaid nothing. But Mrs. *Grant*, who gueſſed her reaſon, aſked *Fanny* which ſhe really thought the prettieſt? *Fanny* thus called upon, ſaid, they were both pretty; but ſhe thought the little girl the prettieſt. Then pray take it, ſaid *Lydia*; for indeed I left the boy becauſe I thought you would like it beſt. And I, ſaid *Fanny*, did not like to ſay any thing, becauſe I thought my couſin liked the little girl beſt.

You are both charming girls, ſaid Mrs. *Grant*; but I ſuppoſe, if you change, each will have exactly what ſhe wiſhes. The exchange was made, and afterward the young ladies ſpent their time till dinner in nurſing their children, and putting them into and taking them out of the cradle.

Miſs *Lydia* had now quite left off whining and frowning, and was a grown a very agreeable play-fellow and companion; and as ſhe and *Fanny* amuſed themſelves, without

without any noiſe or buſtle, it was a pleaſure to ſee them in the room. During the whole time they ſtaid, they behaved in the moſt pleaſing manner; and Mrs. *Grant* did every thing in her power to make the viſit agreeable to them. After paſſing a very cheerful day, they returned home, and Miſs *Lydia* had the pleaſure of ſeeing her little friend in much better ſpirits than when ſhe ſet out.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

THE BASKET OVERTURNED.

ONE day, as Miſs *Lydia* was walking in the fields, with her Mamma, her ſiſters, and *Fanny*, ſhe ſaw a little girl ſtanding near the hedge, and crying very ſadly. The voice of diſtreſs was never heard without attention by Miſs *Lydia*; ſhe ran

up to the girl, followed by *Fanny*, and aſked her, what was the matter?

GIRL.

Oh! dear, what ſhall I do! my eggs are almoſt all broken! and my mother will be ſo angry, I am afraid to go home!

LYDIA.

Do not cry. I dare ſay your mother will not be very angry: my Mamma would not, I am ſure.

GIRL (*ſtill ſobbing.*)

Yes, Miſs; but my mother will, and beat me ſeverely too. I was to have ſold them for a ſhilling, and carried back ſome butter and a loaf.

LYDIA.

I dare ſay you did not break them on purpoſe: how did it happen?

GIRL.

My mother put two dozen of eggs into this little baſket, and wrapped them nicely up in ſtraw, and bade me go directly to town with them, and not ſtop at all. She told me I muſt ſell them for a ſhilling,

and bring back a loaf and ſome butter. I walked ſtraight on till I came to this field, and then the blackberries looked ſo nice in the hedge, that I longed to get ſome; and I thought there could be no harm in ſtepping to the hedge and gathering a few. I ſet my baſket down becauſe I wanted to reach a very fine bough that grew in the back part of the hedge; but while I was plucking the fruit, a great ov r-grown dog came and ran his noſe into my baſket, overturned all the eggs, and broke a dozen of them; and now I cannot buy the bread and the butter. My mother wants them for her tea, and I do not know what ſhe will do to me.

Mrs. *Lively* and *Lydia*'s elder ſiſters had now walked up to them, and Mrs. *Lively* having overheard the girl's diſcourſe, ſaid, I am ſorry to ſee you in ſuch trouble; but you now find the conſequence of not minding your mother. Little girls are apt to think they know as well as their parents; but they

generally find themſelves miſtaken, and ſometimes get into a great deal of diſtreſs by fancying ſo; as you have done. Your mother bade you go directly to town and ſtop nowhere, becauſe ſhe knew if you got to play, or gave your attention to any thing but your eggs, a great many accidents might happen to break them; and if you had done as ſhe bade you, it is probable your eggs would have been ſafe. Your mother, therefore, will have great reaſon to be angry, when ſhe knows how the accident happened.

GIRL.

Yes, Madam, that is what will make her ſo angry; ſhe would have forgiven me a great deal ſooner if it had happened any other way. A boy, who came by juſt now, adviſed me to ſay, as I was getting over a ſtile the bar gave way, and I tumbled down, and that ſo my eggs got broken; but I never did tell her a lie in my life, and I ſhould be very unwilling to begin now.

LADY.

LADY.

Your mother has at leaſt been very kind to you in inſtilling ſuch good principles into you.

GIRL.

Yes, Madam, ſhe always taught me to be honeſt, and never to tell a lie upon any account whatever; and if ſhe were to find out that I deceived her, ſhe would puniſh me ten times more than ſhe will now.

LADY.

Be aſſured you can never eſcape trouble and ſorrow by being wicked; you have already done one fault, and you feel how unhappy it has made you; but, if you were to tell a lie, you would become a great deal more naughty, and conſequently be a great deal more unhappy. And though you were not found out, I dare ſay your mother has taught you that God always ſees you; and if you try to ſave yourſelf by wicked means, you put yourſelf quite out of the way of his bleſſing and protection. Now, you are ſo good a girl,

I dare ſay you will find your mother kinder to you than you expect. Dry up your tears, and take this ſhilling; give me the eggs that remain, go and buy your butter and bread, and then your mother will not be diſappointed; and as you are ſo good a girl, whenever your mother has any eggs or chickens, you may bring them to me, and I will give you your price for them; only remember to call at the firſt white houſe as you come into town.

The poor girl received the ſhilling with equal joy and gratitude; and when ſhe was gone, Miſs *Lydia*'s Mamma obſerved to her, that perſons often find a preſent reward in doing their duty: If this little girl, ſaid ſhe, had taken the boy's advice, and determined to tell her mother a falſity, ſhe would probably have turned back directly, and been in another field when we came here, ſo that we ſhould have known nothing of her diſtreſs, and her ſtory would, perhaps, not have been ſo well

told

told as to eſcape detection. I hope now the amends I have made for her loſs will abate the ſeverity of her mother's anger; and when the whole of her conduct is known, ſhe muſt, I think, received her praiſes.

Juſt as ſhe had done ſpeaking, a beautiful inſect flew by Miſs *Lydia*. Look, Mamma, ſaid ſhe, that fly is juſt like the picture in my book; is it not? We will look, my dear, ſaid her Mamma: and taking out of her pocket the *Rational Dame*, ſhe found the little creature under the title of Dragon Fly; and little *Lydia* read the deſcription of it, and had afterwards a full opportunity of admiring it, as it reſted upon a leaf.

I am ſure, ſaid *Lydia*, I am much obliged to Mrs. *Teachwell* for writing ſo uſeful a book; it has taught me a great many things. And me likewiſe, ſaid her Mamma; we will never walk out without it; for the beſt uſe we can make of our walks, is to acquaint ourſelves with the

works

works of God; which in the fields and lanes are continually before us. And I wish Mrs. *Teachwell* would give us some little system of plants, with their nature and uses, fit for such young folk as you; for I again say, you cannot be too well acquainted with the works of God, who made you, and made the little insects, and the slender flower which your eye almost overlooks. God, my child, has spread before you two volumes, which are each his work, and demand and deserve your most attentive consideration, and most curious study; the *Book of Revelation*—I mean the *Bible*, wherein you learn the way to eternal life; and the *Book of Nature*, which is every where spread open before you, and which instructs you every where in the wisdom and goodness of God. Let no opportunity slip then of acquainting yourself with those wonders; and the more you learn of "What great things God has done for you;" may your heart feel more grateful to Him, and more ready to

obey

obey Him, and to do every thing He commands.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

MISS *Lydia* had ſeveral brothers as well as ſiſters, a good deal older than herſelf; among the reſt was *Gilbert*, a boy, who from the goodneſs of his diſpoſition, ſeemed formed to make his parents happy. Obliging to all, he was particularly indulgent and kind to little *Lydia*. One day, in the autumn, he joined a family party in the garden, and ſeeing ſome fine alpine ſtrawberries in a little garden which the elder ones had given to *Lydia*, he aſked her if he might gather ſome? No, pray brother, do not gather them now, ſaid *Lydia*; for I keep them to treat you all with tomorrow, upon my birth-day. Is to-

morrow your birth day, little girl? replied he; then, as to-day is a half-holiday, I will go a fiſhing, and try if I cannot get you a diſh of fiſh for your dinner. I ſhall ſet off directly; and pray, Mamma, do not mind whether I return to dinner, for I do not care about that. Go then, ſaid Mamma; and I will contribute ſome tarts and a cake, as my ſhare of the entertainment.

Gilbert took his rod and his implements, and away he went. At dinner he was not much expected; but in the evening his Mamma began to grow uneaſy, and was going to ſend a ſervant after him. However, juſt as ſhe was ſpeaking to the ſervant, *Gilbert* came in much tired, but without any fiſh.

I am ſorry, *Lydia*, ſaid he, not to have any fiſh to offer you; but I think, when you know how it happened, you will not be diſpleaſed with me. I had, ſaid he, no ſucceſs at all till evening; the fiſh then began to bite, and I caught two very

fine trout. I was coming home mightily delighted with my prize; but before I had walked a quarter of a mile, I heard the ſound of ſomebody crying on the other ſide of the hedge, and heard a voice ſay, Now your brothers and ſiſters muſt go to-bed without their ſuppers; and poor things, I left them only a halfpenny roll in the morning; and we had nothing, you know, but a few turnips yeſterday.

The hedge was ſo thick I could no ſee who was ſpeaking, till we came to a ſtile, and then I ſaw the poor boy (who comes to the door ſometimes with fiſh) and his mother get over into the lane. I aſked her, what was the matter? and ſhe told me, ſhe had been about five miles to buy fiſh; that ſhe had almoſt ſtarved herſelf and her children to ſave up two ſhillings for the purpoſe, in hope of getting a little profit by it; ſhe had ſtaid all day, and could not get any; and ſhe and her ſon were returning home. She had a hole in her pocket, and, therefore, had given the ſhillings to

the

the boy; and as they were going through a close lane, she unguardedly said to her son, *Bob*, are your two shillings safe? Just at that moment a great, big man jumped over the hedge, and catching hold of the boy, said, Are you quite sure they are safe? let me take care of them for you; and then ran his hand into his pocket, and took away the two shillings: and now, said she, I have nothing to give to the children! I intended to have bought a six-penny loaf, when I got home, for this boy and I have tasted nothing to-day; and I should have tried to get some fish to-morrow with the remaining eighteen-pence. She cried so, added *Gilbert*, that I was ready to cry too. I had no money to give her. I had nothing but my fish; and I asked her, how much she could sell them for? Oh! dear Sir! said she, they are very fine fish! I dare say they would fetch a shilling or eighteen-pence a piece. And do you think you could sell them to-night if you had them? said I. She said,

she

ſhe did not doubt that ſhe could ſell them; but ſhould not think of taking my fiſh: however, I begged her to take them; and if it had not been ſo late, I would have gone back and tried to get you ſome more, *Lydia*; but I will get up very early in the morning and go. Indeed, brother, ſaid *Lydia*, I beg you will not think of it; for if there are ſuch bad men about they may rob you too.

Gilbert, I believe, ſaid Mamma, does not read *Horace* yet, or he might tell you that,

"Blythe ſings the traveller with empty purſe,
"And in the robber's ſight purſues his courſe."

But though it is certain that, if he has nothing he cannot be robbed, he may be uncivilly uſed, and, therefore, I would adviſe him not to go; we can, I dare ſay, procure fiſh without giving him any further trouble; but I thought you had a ſhilling this morning, *Gilbert*; what have you done with it?

GILBERT.

Pray, Mamma, do not aſk me; it is a ſecret at preſent.

MAMMA.

Then I never deſire to know ſecrets; and you, I am perſuaded, will do nothing wrong; and as I have no anxiety upon that account, I ſhould be aſhamed, if mere curioſity made me deſirous to know what you wiſh to conceal. Nothing, I think, is ſo contemptible as that ſort of curioſity, which makes people want to know what every one ſays and does, and which grows more impatient in proportion as we think the perſon wiſhes us not to know.

GILBERT.

Nay, Mamma, I have no real ſecrets from you, only I wiſh nobody to know juſt now—

MAMMA.

I am quite ſatisfied, my dear boy.

LYDIA.

I have a little ſecret, Mamma; my ſiſter told

told me you would not be angry, and nobody knows but her:—do not tell yet, *Kitty*.

MAMMA.

I dare ſay ſhe will not, my love; and if ſhe were going I would not let her. You heard me ſay, I never deſire to know ſecrets. I think no wiſe perſon would; but I ſhould be very ſorry any body belonging to me ſhould not be able to keep a ſecret, if they were intruſted with one. But I will tell you ſomething that is no ſecret; which is, that your long walk has tired you; and that you look very ſleepy; therefore, I adviſe you to go to-bed.

Gilbert waked ſoon in the morning; and as the ſun ſhone very bright, and it was a delightful morning, he longed to take his fiſhing-rod once more; but his Mamma having deſired him not, he did not attempt it; but before he went to ſchool he went with his violin to *Lydia*'s door, and waked her with a very cheerful tune, wiſhed her

many happy birth days, and then went away. *Lydia* aroſe as ſoon as the maid came into her room, and went to receive a kiſs from her Mamma; ſhe then walked down ſtairs, and the firſt thing ſhe ſaw at the hall-door was her little lamb, with a new blue ribbon round his neck, and ſhaking ſome little round bells that were faſtened to it. Away ſhe flew, firſt to her Mamma, then to her ſiſters, to aſk who had made her lamb ſo fine? but they could not give her any information; every body in the houſe was aſked to no purpoſe. After a little while, I think, ſaid Mamma —I gueſs! I gueſs too, cried out little *Lydia*, it muſt be *Gilbert*; you know he ſaid he had a ſecret; that is it depend upon it: how kind it was of him! how dearly I do love *Gilbert!* Every body muſt love him dearly, ſaid his Mamma. I wiſh, ſaid *Lydia*, I knew how to make him ſome return. I wiſh I could do any thing to pleaſe him.—Your wiſh is natural and amiable; but be ſatisfied, that *Gilbert* finds

in

in the performance of ſuch acts of good-nature and kindneſs, a higher reward than any we could give him; believe me there is a delight in being kind, and affectionate, and generous, that is beyond any pleaſure that relates merely to a perſon's own ſelf; and if the moſt ill-tempered and ſelfiſh perſon in the world would but determine for one month to ſay nothing but what was kind; and to be always doing obliging and liberal things, he would find himſelf ſo much more comfortable, ſo much better, not only in mind but in health; and ſo much more eaſy and ſatisfied with himſelf, that mere ſelf-love would make him continue ſuch a conduct.

LYDIA.

I am delighted even with ſeeing my little lamb happy, when I feed and careſs him. I think it is a great pleaſure to have the power of making any thing happy.

MAMMA.

Cheriſh, my deareſt child, this diſpoſition, and theſe feelings; and if you

ſhould ever meet with unkindneſs from others, do not let that incline you to be leſs kind and good. Bear always in your mind the text I once taught you, "Be not overcome of evil; but overcome evil with good." And if you ſee perſons by their ill-temper offend God, and vex every body they are connected with, inſtead of making their bad behaviour an excuſe for your own, think what a ſad thing it would be if you, ſeeing the diſagreeableneſs of their behaviour, were to become like them; and on the contrary, think what an honour it will be to you, if, by your example, by ſeeing you always patient, and kind, and diſintereſted, others leave off diſputes and ſelfiſhneſs, and grow good.

LYDIA.

Here comes the dear *Gilbert*.

MAMMA.

Here he comes; and I am ſure you both feel far more joy than the mere ſpending of a ſhilling could have given you;

you; and the older you grow the more I truſt you will know and underſtand of that kind of joy.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

THE SECRET EXPLAINED.

WHILE Miſs *Lydia* was at work with her Mamma, a ſervant came in, and ſaid, a little girl and boy at the gate aſked for Miſs *Lydia*. *Lydia* coloured; and upon her Mamma's aſking who they were? ſaid, with great eagerneſs, It is little *Sally* and her brother, Madam: may I go down to them? Pray let me go by myſelf? You ſhall ſee the little girl before ſhe goes home.

Mamma's conſent was ſoon obtained, and, *Lydia*, having firſt ſtepped into her room, and haſtily taken a little bundle out of the drawer, flew down ſtairs.

When she got to the gate, she saw *Sally* holding a pretty little basket made of rushes, with little tufts of silk at the four corners, and covered at top with green leaves.

As soon as *Sally* saw Miss *Lydia*, she presented the basket to her, and told her, that the maid, who had bidden her to come to the house this morning, told her it was Miss *Lydia*'s birth-day; and she had made that basket, and taken the liberty to bring it to her.

It is a very pretty basket, indeed, said Miss *Lydia*; and lifting up the leaves on the top, she saw the basket was almost full of little cakes and lozenges, and on them *Sally* had put some bunches of services.

LYDIA.

Where did you get all these things, *Sally?* I will not take them from you.

SALLY.

Yes, pray do Miss, I brought them on purpose

purpoſe for you. My mother makes the cakes and the lozenges herſelf, and ſells them; and my brother and I were out all yeſterday afternoon to look for ſervices on the hedges; and then I made the baſket and put them into it; and I ſhall be very ſorry if you will not accept of it.

LYDIA.

You made that pretty baſket, *Sally!* I wiſh you would teach me to make ſuch nice baſkets.

SALLY.

That I will with great pleaſure, Miſs, if your Mamma likes it.

LYDIA.

I am much obliged to you for your nice preſent. I have ſomething for you, *Sally*; and that is the reaſon why I ſent for you to come to-day. So ſaying, *Lydia* opened the band-box, and took out a new ſtraw hat, with a nice green ribbon round the crown, and one ſmall neat bow behind, and green ſtrings to tie it. *Lydia* deſired the little girl to pull off her own hat, and then

then ſit down and let her put this on: nor had *Sally* more delight in being thus dreſſed, than *Lydia* had in dreſſing her.

Lydia then went again to her box, and took out a very pretty cotton frock, which ſhe put on the little boy, with more pleaſure than ſhe had ever dreſſed a doll; though the little fellow was not quite ſo quiet as a doll, but was moving and twiſting about to ſee as much as poſſible of the flowers upon his frock.

When their things were adjuſted, Miſs *Lydia* led them to the door, and deſired her Mamma to ſtep down.

Mamma, ſaid ſhe, I told you I had a ſecret; this is it. I read in the *Childrens Friend*, that people ſhould do ſome good action on their birth-day. Do you like *Sally*'s hat, Mamma?

MAMMA.

Yes, my dear, it is very neat indeed: but where did you get theſe things? you could not buy them yourſelf.

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

No, Mamma; my ſiſter was ſo good as to get the hat and the ribbon for me when ſhe went to ſchool, and to put the ribbon on for me. I have been ſaving up my money a great while. Do not you remember I would not buy a baſket when the others did? and look now what a pretty baſket *Sally* has brought me! a great deal prettier than that at the door. Still I ſhould not have had money enough if my aunt had not happened to give me a ſhilling the other day.

MAMMA.

But where did you get the frock?

LYDIA.

Do not you remember the piece of cotton Miſs *Friend* gave me to make my great doll a gown? My ſiſter ſaid, there was enough to make the little boy a frock, and ſhe was ſo good as to cut it out and fit it for me, and I made it up myſelf.

MAMMA.

It is very nicely made, I am ſure; and

you,

you, my love, are a proof of what I was ſaying juſt now, of the pleaſure there is in doing kind actions; you appear ſo cheerful and ſatisfied. I am ſure you never had half ſo much enjoyment of a new hat for yourſelf, or a fine doll.

LYDIA.

Becauſe the little boy and girl look ſo happy; and there is ſo much pleaſure in ſeeing people happy.

MAMMA.

Bleſſed indeed are thoſe whoſe countenances, like a mirror, reflect the brightneſs which ſhines in the face of their neighbour: or, to ſpeak more plainly, my little dear, bleſſed both of God and man are thoſe who are cheerful and happy, becauſe they ſee another perſon glad; "Who rejoice with them that do rejoice." But, my dear, your little friends, I dare ſay, are impatient to ſhow the preſents to their mother: you had better diſmiſs them.

Lydia, who had now learned to mind her Mamma the moment ſhe ſpoke, thanked

thanked *Sally* for her pretty baſket, and told her ſhe muſt come one day and teach her to make ſuch; and then deſired them to go home.

Sally made a dozen courteſies, and the little boy as many bows; and thanked her again and again as they went away.

Miſs *Lydia* then put away her baſket with cakes, ſaying, that ſhould make part of the feaſt in the afternoon.

A half holiday had been procured for *Gilbert*, ſo that he joined the cheerful circle at dinner; and in the afternoon ſome young folk were expected to tea.

Miſs *Lydia*, therefore, was abundantly buſy in ſetting out cakes, fruit, &c. amidſt which *Sally*'s little baſket was introduced, and was to *Lydia* the moſt agreeable part of the entertainment, as it was connected with the remembrance of a benevolent action. As ſhe was not big enough to cut the large cake which her Mamma had provided, one of her brother's very obligingly cut ſome ſlices for her, which ſhe offered

to the company with great politeneſs and propriety.

Juſt before tea, a ſervant brought in a little box, and delivered it to Miſs *Lydia*; ſhe looked, and ſaw it was directed to her, and very eagerly ſet about opening it; this was very eaſily effected, as the nails were not driven very tight; and on lifting up the lid, the firſt thing ſhe ſaw was hay, that being removed, ſhe found a complete ſet of doll's tea-china, a tea-board, an urn, a tea-cheſt, a waiter, a pair of tea-tongs, and half a dozen ſpoons; with a little note to tell her, that theſe were the joint preſents of her elder brothers and ſiſters.

Here was a freſh ſcene of pleaſure to the ſweet girl: her preſents were ſhown to every body; were admired; and her delight expreſſed in the warmeſt manner, yet not ſo as to importune or diſturb any body by her joy.

The tea-cheſt was then filled with tea, the ſugar-baſon with ſugar, the urn with water; and Miſs *Lydia* made tea in a very

compoſed

compoſed and becoming manner. The evening was paſſed in cheerful and inoffenſive amuſement, where the chief conteſt was, who ſhould pleaſe and oblige the other moſt.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

THE AGREEABLE TOUR.

WHEN Miſs *Fanny* had been two months with her aunt, her Mamma returned from her journey, and came to fetch her.

Not only Miſs *Fanny*, but the reſt of the family, were rejoiced to ſee her: the young perſons aſked her many queſtions; whither ſhe had been? and what ſhe had ſeen?

She was ready to anſwer all their inquiries with great good-humour; and taking out a book of pocket-maps, ſaid,

I will ſhow you the route I have been. We ſet out, you know, from *Berkſhire*. We went through *Oxfordſhire*, ſtopped at *Oxford*, and there, Miſs *Lydia*, I ſaw your brother, who ſhowed us the univerſity, and entertained us with great politeneſs.

We likewiſe paſſed through *Woodſtock*; and I have brought each of you a pair of gloves; a manufacture for which you know *Woodſtock* is famous.

We then proceeded through *Warwickſhire*, *Staffordſhire*, *Cheſhire*, *Lancaſhire*, *Weſtmoreland*, *Cumberland*, and *Northumberland*, where *Fanny*, your father's buſineſs was.

As we returned, we came by *Durham*, *Yorkſhire*, *Derbyſhire*, *Lincolnſhire*, *Huntingdonſhire*, and *Hertfordſhire*.

I have brought my little niece and *Fanny* a ſet of doll's plates and diſhes, from *Staffordſhire*, and a piece of muſlin dimity, for gowns for my elder couſins, from *Mancheſter*, in *Lancaſhire*; where we ſtopped a whole day, to ſee the very great

manufacture

manufacture that is carrying on there, of cottons, dimities, muſlins, &c.

While we were in *Lancaſhire*, we went to *Ancliff* near *Wigan*, to ſee the famous burning well.

The water of this well is cold, and has no ſmell, yet there is ſo ſtrong a vapour of ſulphur iſſuing out with the ſtream, that upon applying a light to it, the top of the water is covered with a flame, like that of burning ſpirits, which laſts ſeveral hours, and emits ſo fierce a heat, that meat may be boiled over it. The fluid itſelf will not burn when taken out of the well.

In *Cumberland* we ſaw the black-lead mine, from whence your pencils, young gentlemen, are furniſhed, which have aſſiſted you in adorning my dreſſing-room with ſuch handſome drawings.

While we ſtaid in *Northumberland*, we went to ſee the coal-pits, from whence we who live in the ſouthern countries are ſupplied: the cargoes are ſhipped from

Newcaſtle upon Tyne, which is alſo famous for its fiſhery of Salmon.

The young gentlemen, I hope, will accept of a pair of ſhoe-buckles from *Birmingham*, in *Warwickſhire*, and the ladies of a pair of ſciſſors from *Sheffield*, in *Yorkſhire*; both places are famous for the manufacture of hard-ware.

While we were in *Derbyſhire*, we went to ſee the dropping-well near *Buxton*: which gives the appearance of ſtone to every thing that is put into it; and I have brought you ſome petrifactions from thence.

One day we ſpent at *Buxton*, and ſaw the company who go to drink the medicinal waters there.

We likewiſe went to ſee *Poole's Hole*, by *Buxton*; but of that you will find a better account than I can give you in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, written by a gentleman who went with a party to viſit it.

I have brought your Mamma, Miſs

Lydia, ſome ornaments for her mantle-piece, made of *Derbyſhire* ſpar; and an egg of that ſubſtance for your ſiſter *Caroline*'s netting: the ſpar is ſaid to be water petrified as it drops through rocks, and to take the variety of its colours from the different metals or minerals it paſſes through.

I have likewiſe brought a carpet for your papa's ſtudy, from *Kidderminſter*, in *Worceſterſhire*, which, I think, he will not eſteem inferior to the *Turkey* carpets, which we fetch from ſo far.

From *Dunſtable* in *Bedfordſhire* I have brought a ſet of little tea-things, ſome work-baſkets, and ſome toys for the young folk, all made of ſtraw, like your hat, Miſs *Lydia*. And now, perhaps, I have tired you by talking, and you will be better pleaſed with ſeeing all my collection.

The young people liſtened with great attention to the lady. Soon after ſhe produced her treaſures, and deſired them

to

to recollect the place from whence each came.

They acquitted themſelves very well, and were not deficient in proper thanks to their aunt, for her kind attention to them.

A day or two afterwards Miſs *Fanny* and her Mamma took their leave; not without mutual regret on the part of Miſs *Lydia* and Miſs *Fanny*, who were moſt affectionately attached to each other.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

GENEROSITY AND GRATITUDE.

SOMETIME after Miſs *Lydia*'s couſin *Fanny* had left her, little *Lydia*, on her return from a walk with the maid, ran, all in tears, into her Mamma's room; and told her, that little *Sally*'s mother was in very great diſtreſs.

LYDIA.

She owes, Mamma, four guineas to Mr. *Flint* for living in his houſe; and becauſe ſhe has not money to pay him, he is going to take every thing ſhe has, and turn her into the ſtreet. The poor woman and children were crying ſo ſadly when I went by the door, that it made me quite uncomfortable, as Miſs *Seymour* ſays, to ſee them.

The poor woman ſaid, ſhe and her children muſt go into the work-houſe. The little girl was crying to ſee her mother cry; and the boy ſaid, they would take away his rabbit, and his little chair in which he uſed to ſit by the fire-ſide. Do, pray, Mamma, do ſomething for the poor woman. Perhaps, if you ſpeak to Mr. *Flint* he will not take her things.

MAMMA.

My dear love, I know Mr. *Flint* better than you do: it is not poſſible to perſuade him to forego his money; and as to aſſiſting her with four guineas, it is

more

more than I can well ſpare; beſides, you know there are many people in diſtreſs as well as ſhe.

LYDIA.

Perhaps ſo: but I have ſeen this poor woman and the children cry ſo! and the little ones have been ſo civil to me!

MAMMA.

I am ſincerely ſorry for them.—Why do you look ſo earneſtly at me, *Lydia?*—Have you any money at all?

LYDIA.

No, Mamma; I have no money; but you know, Mamma, you were going to buy me a pink ſilk ſlip, to wear under my muſlin frock. What would that have coſt?—I can do very well with my dimity ones.

MAMMA.

My deareſt girl! come to my arms, and enjoy a pleaſure you ſo richly deſerve! that of making theſe poor people happy. Your ſlip would not have coſt two guineas, ſo that ſacrifice alone would not do; but you

you have ſet me a noble example; and I will alſo give up a carpet which I intended to buy for my dreſſing-room; and the price of that, added to the other, will be ſufficient to redeem Mrs. *Bruſh*'s goods, and ſet her mind at eaſe.

LYDIA.

My dear Mamma! I am ſo glad! Then I may go directly with the money?

MAMMA.

We will go together. You would be at a loſs by yourſelf. Go, pray, and aſk for my great-coat and my gloves.

Lydia flew like lightning; and her Mamma being ſoon equipped, they haſtened to Mrs. *Bruſh*.

The firſt thing they ſaw, was all her little ſcholars turned out of the room, and in a heap before the door crying.

When they went in, they found every thing pulled out of its place: a rough looking man had dragged her bedſtead down ſtairs; and the little boy ſtood with his eyes fixed upon him, and ſobbing ſaid,

What

What muſt mammy and I do for a bed? I am ſure Mr. *Flint* does not want this: he has a great many fine beds.

Upon being aſked, where his mammy was? he ſaid, in the garden. As they were paſſing through to go to her, they ſaw another man juſt going to pull her little copper down. Miſs *Lydia*'s Mamma begged he would deſiſt a little while, and he ſhould not be a loſer by it. She then went on; at the farther end of the garden they ſaw the little girl and her mother in an arbour, which they had taken great pains to adorn with roſes and honey-ſuckles; and in which they were now ſitting, as they ſuppoſed, for the laſt time: they were weeping bitterly. The little girl's eyes were fixed on the parrot, which hung on a tree near them, and which ſeemed to take part with them, by crying every minute, Poor Poll! What's the matter?

The Lady and her daughter went on towards them; but, as they were walking

a young

a young woman entered the garden haſtily, and ruſhing by them, ran up to the woman, and catching hold of her arm, with great affection ſaid, Thank God, couſin! I am come juſt in time! As ſoon as ever I heard you were in trouble, I left my place; and what with my wages, and the money I have raiſed upon my cloaths, I have been able to bring you enough to pay your rent. Take the four guineas, and let us get theſe frightful people out of the houſe.

The good woman looked very much amazed, and was ſilent for a moment; then again burſting into tears; God forbid, my dear *Jenny!* ſaid ſhe, that I ſhould ſtrip you. No, I can bear my own troubles; but I could never ſupport the thought, that I had taken your bread out of your mouth. How could you think of leaving your place? ſo good a one as you had: and what have you done with your cloaths? I never thought I ſhould be the occaſion of doing you ſo much harm.

While theſe two friends were talking thus, the Lady and her daughter came up to them. The unfortunate woman, in the midſt of her trouble, did not neglect to pay them proper reſpect: the young perſon ſtopped to make them a courteſy, and then earneſtly went on. Never think about me, I am young, and can get my living; and after all you have done for me, I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful creature in the world did I not aſſiſt you. If it had not been for you, I ſhould not have been alive now; or, if I had, I ſhould have been in a workhouſe. When I was ill with that fever, you nurſed me, laid me in your own bed, and ſat up with me yourſelf, to tend me; and then paid my doctor's bill, that I might not be obliged to ſell my cloaths: and have not you the beſt right to them?

I a right! no, indeed ſaid her couſin.

Surely you have, returned ſhe: the money you ſpent upon me would have paid almoſt two years rent; and now you

who

who lived ſo neatly, and ſo comfortably, are going to be pulled all to pieces. You will break my heart if you do not take the money: but why ſhould I ſtand arguing with you, when I can go and pay the money myſelf. So ſaying, ſhe was haſtening out of the garden; when Miſs *Lydia*'s Mamma catching hold of her, ſaid, I was unwilling to interrupt ſo generous a diſpute, and I waited a little to ſee what would be the end of it: but as to the rent, my daughter and I came on purpoſe to diſcharge it. Receive from my daughter (Mrs. *Bruſh*) four guineas, which we were going to ſpend otherwiſe, but upon nothing that would have given us half the pleaſure which we feel in putting you in poſſeſſion of your houſe again. As to you, young woman, your conduct is above all reward from man; and yet I wiſh—

It was impoſſible for the Lady to go on; the joy and gratitude of theſe worthy people quite overpowered her; and the only way ſhe could get rid of their thanks,

was by hurrying them into the houſe, to ſecure all the goods.

When the rent was diſcharged, and the men ſent away, Mrs. *Bruſh* and her couſin were able to converſe more compoſedly with their benefactors. The former, in the midſt of her joy, expreſſed great concern that her couſin had thrown herſelf out of place; and aſked, with great anxiety, what ſhe had done with her cloaths?

The young woman ſaid, ſhe could not reſt a moment, after ſhe heard from an acquaintance, who called upon her, that her landlord was very cruel to her; and that ſhe expected every day to have her goods ſeized for rent. That ſhe, therefore, went directly to her miſtreſs, and told her, that a relation in the country wanted her very much; and begged to be diſcharged.

She would not tell her the whole ſtory for fear ſhe ſhould oppoſe her intentions; and as to aſking leave to go out for a time, ſhe could not expect to return to her

place,

place, when ſhe had diſpoſed of all her cloaths.

Her miſtreſs appeared diſpleaſed; but paid her her wages, which was about a guinea: that ſhe then ſold ſome of her cloaths, and pawned the reſt to raiſe the remainder, and as much as would pay her paſſage from *London*; however, as to her cloaths, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had not a doubt but ſhe could get them again; for the woman who took them was a very good ſort of woman, and indeed could hardly be perſuaded to receive them of her.

And do you think, Mrs. *Jenny*, ſaid the Lady, your miſtreſs could not be prevailed on to take you again? Surely, if ſhe knew the whole truth, ſhe would think herſelf happy in ſuch a ſervant.

It is not probable ſhe ſhould have got another in ſo ſhort a time. You ſhall return as ſoon as you can; and I will ſend a letter by you to the lady you have left, to inform her from what generous motives you left her ſo abruptly. I will take

take my leave of you both now; and in an hour's time the letter ſhall be ready.

The young woman called at the time mentioned for the letter; and after many expreſſions of gratitude for the kindneſs ſhown to her couſin and herſelf, returned to *London*, carried it to her late miſtreſs, and in a few days, Miſs *Lydia* had the pleaſure of knowing, that her Mamma had received a letter from the lady, to thank her for reſtoring ſo valuable a ſervant to her, and to inform her, that as her own maid was going to be married, ſhe meant to take her to wait upon herſelf; and ſhould ever eſteem a perſon capable of ſuch noble conduct, rather as a friend than a ſervant.

CONCLUSION.

MISS *Lydia*, when her Mamma firſt began to write down an account of her behaviour throughout the day, was ſo much alarmed, leſt the ſtory ſhould not be to her

her credit, that ſhe never went to ſleep, without endeavouring to recollect how ſhe had paſſed the day, and whether ſhe had been good or not. When her conſcience told her of any fault, her concern for it naturally led her to conſider how ſhe might have avoided that fault, and how ſhe ought to have behaved. In the morning, likewiſe, when ſhe awoke, the journal was the firſt thing that came into her mind; and ſhe uſed to think what buſineſs ſhe had to do that day, and what faults ſhe was in moſt danger of committing; particularly if ſhe had done any thing wrong the day before, ſhe always conſidered how ſhe ſhould conduct herſelf ſo as not to have the ſame ſad ſtory told of her again.

Her Mamma, when ſhe found thoſe faults thoroughly corrected, which were her firſt motive for writing an account of her daughter's conduct, diſcontinued her journal; but *Lydia* had ſo accuſtomed herſelf to the abovementioned inquiry, that ſhe

ſtill continued ſo excellent a practice; and nothing ſo much aſſiſted her, in her wiſh to be good, as this habit; for, by ſuch a frequent review of her behaviour, ſhe diſcovered many little faults, which ſhe would not otherwiſe have noticed; and by correcting them in the beginning, ſhe eſcaped falling into many vices and bad habits, which, though very eaſily checked at firſt, become, after they are long indulged, very difficult to break. I very affectionately recommend this practice to any young perſons who deſire in earneſt to be good: and if the little anecdotes I have written ſhall perſuade any one little boy or girl to correct their faults, and become more happy in themſelves, and a greater comfort to their parents, I ſhall be abundantly recompenſed for my trouble.

THE END.